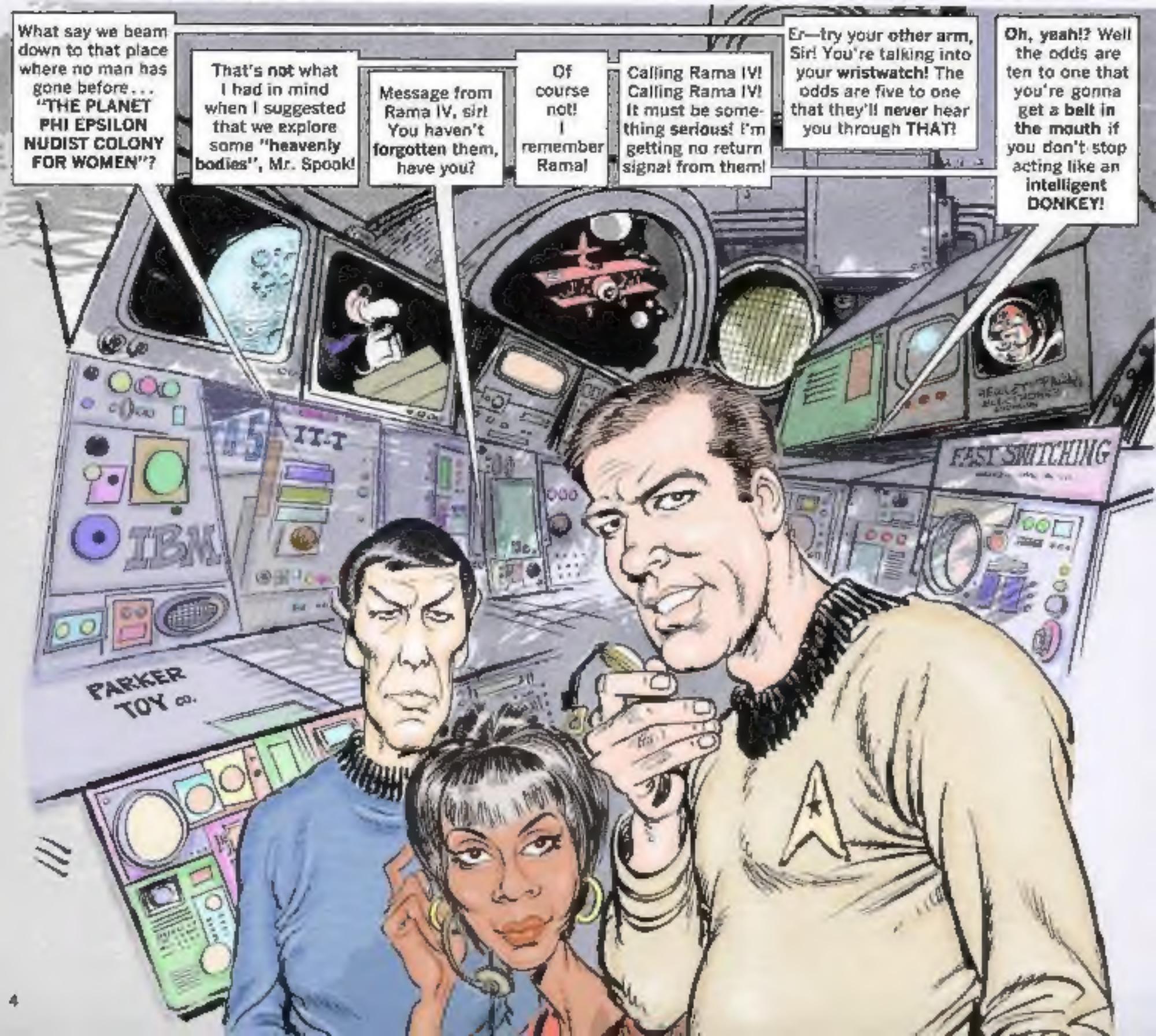
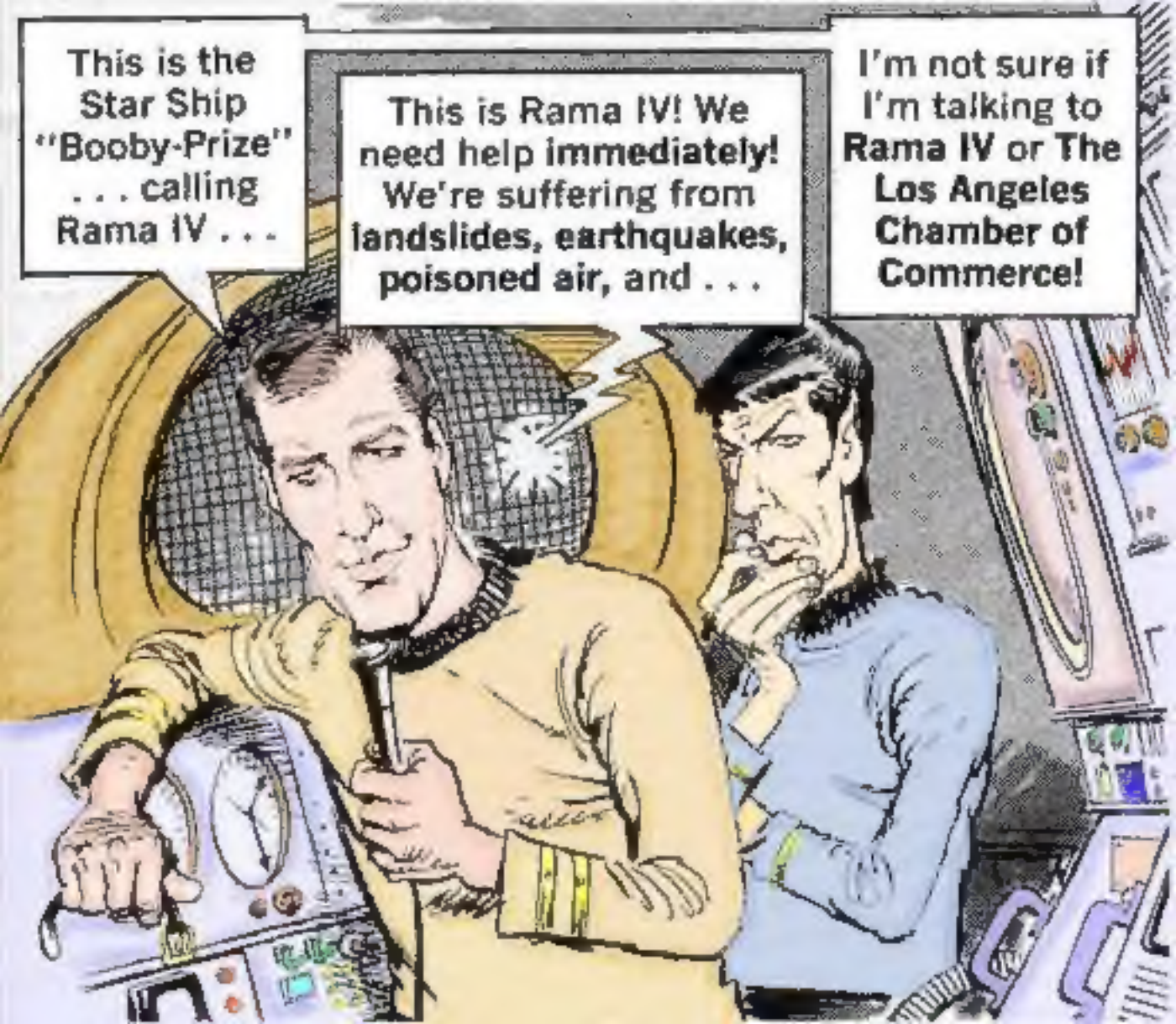
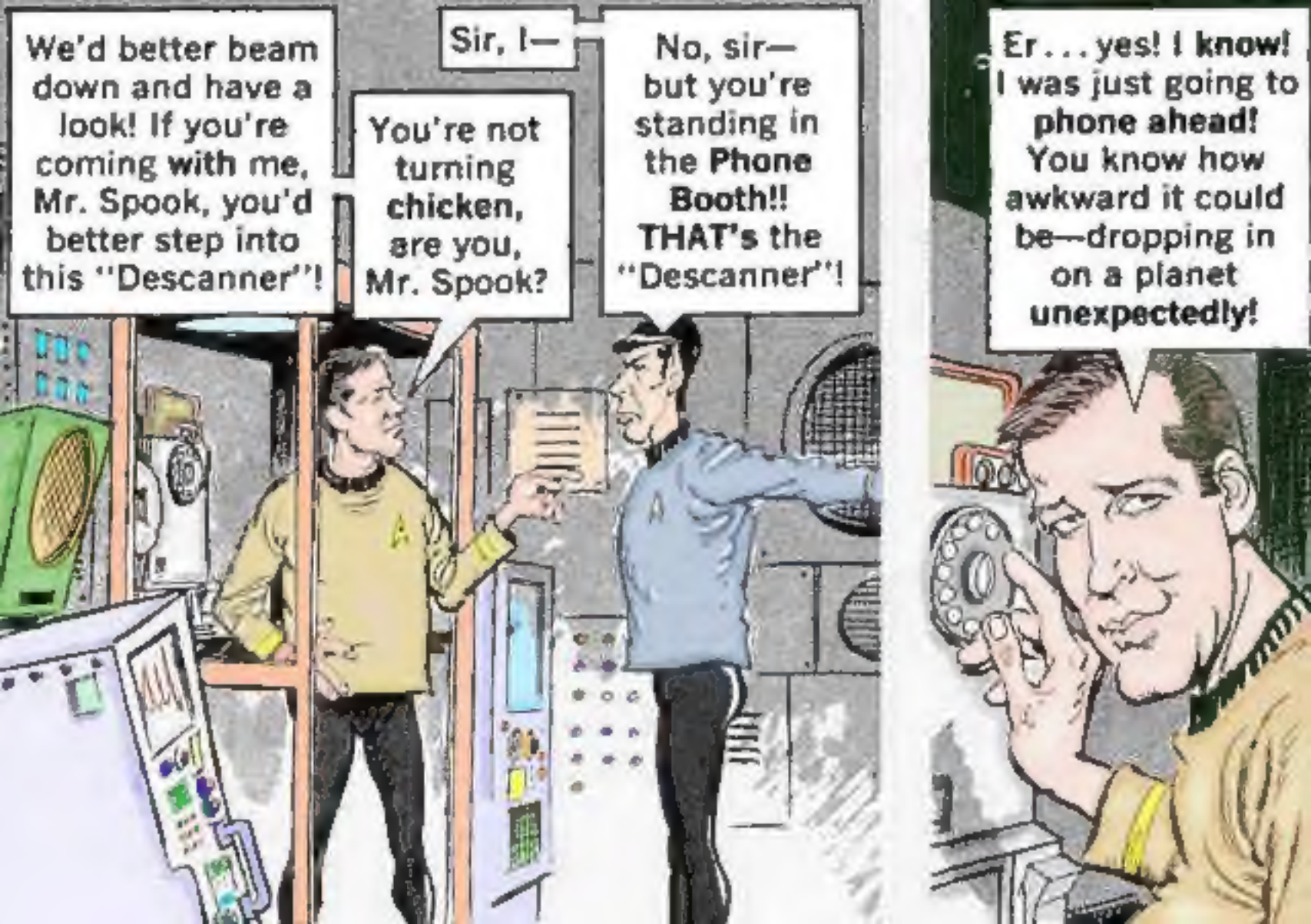
Captain Kook! The Superintendent of Planet Omega reports a **meteor shower!** What should he do?
Tell him to put on his **rubbers!**

Explorer Woodhull on Asteroid 97-A says his temperature is up to **750 degrees!** What do you recommend?
Two aspirins—plenty of **liquids**—and call me in the morning!

Captain, a space ship just zoomed by on the Visagraph! It appeared to be lost, and I could have sworn I saw June Lockhart at the window!
Lost in space!? Impossible! Not on this show! Not on—
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.
STAR BLECCH


What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before... "THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?
That's not what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some "heavenly bodies", Mr. Spook!
Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't forgotten them, have you?
Of course not! I remember Rama!
Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be something serious! I'm getting no return signal from them!
Er—try your other arm, Sir! You're talking into your wristwatch! The odds are five to one that they'll never hear you through THAT!
Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get a belt in the mouth if you don't stop acting like an intelligent DONKEY!
IBM
ITT
FAST SWITCHING
PARKER TOY co.


This is the Star Ship "Booby-Prize" . . . calling Rama IV . . .
This is Rama IV! We need help immediately! We're suffering from landslides, earthquakes, poisoned air, and . . .
I'm not sure if I'm talking to Rama IV or The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce!


We'd better beam down and have a look! If you're coming with me, Mr. Spook, you'd better step into this "Descanner"!
Sir, I—
You're not turning chicken, are you, Mr. Spook?
No, sir— but you're standing in the Phone Booth!! THAT's the "Descanner"!
Er . . . yes! I know! I was just going to phone ahead! You know how awkward it could be—dropping in on a planet unexpectedly!

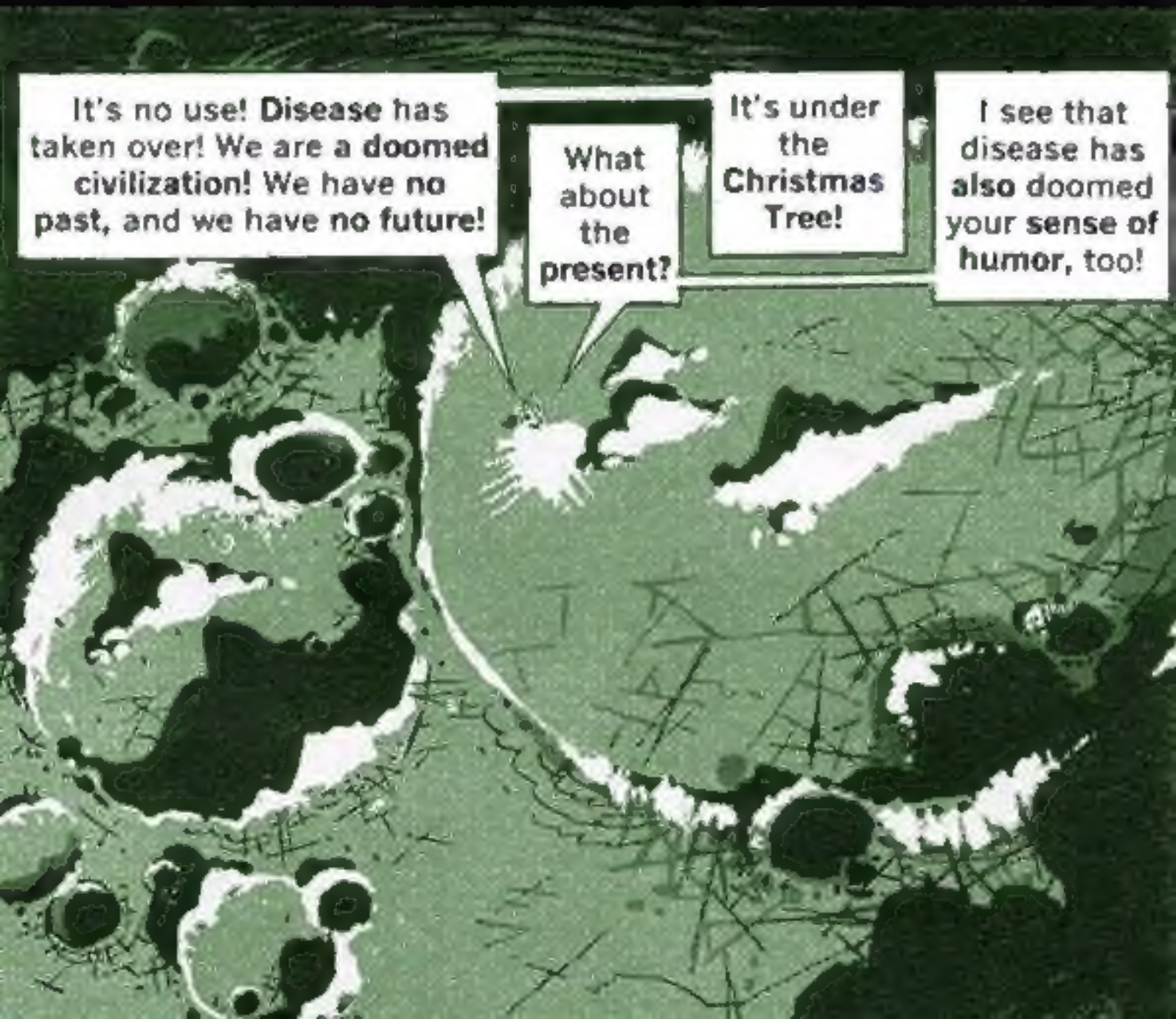
ZIPP!

ZAPP!

Remind me to check your **Reassembling Unit!** I think it needs a minor adjustment!

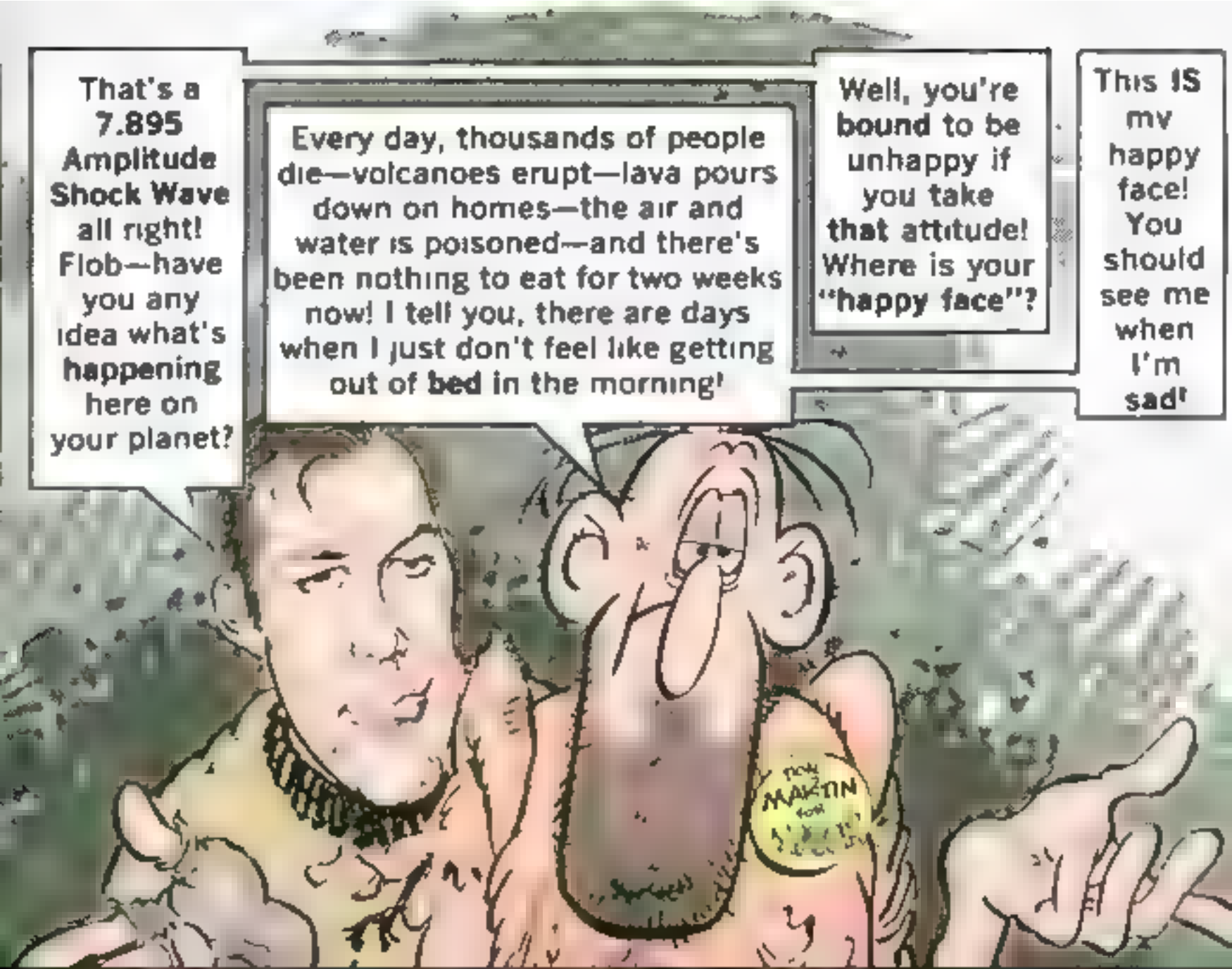
Here—let me help you pull yourself together!
Better **hurry**—because I've got the strangest feeling that my **face** wants to **sit down!**

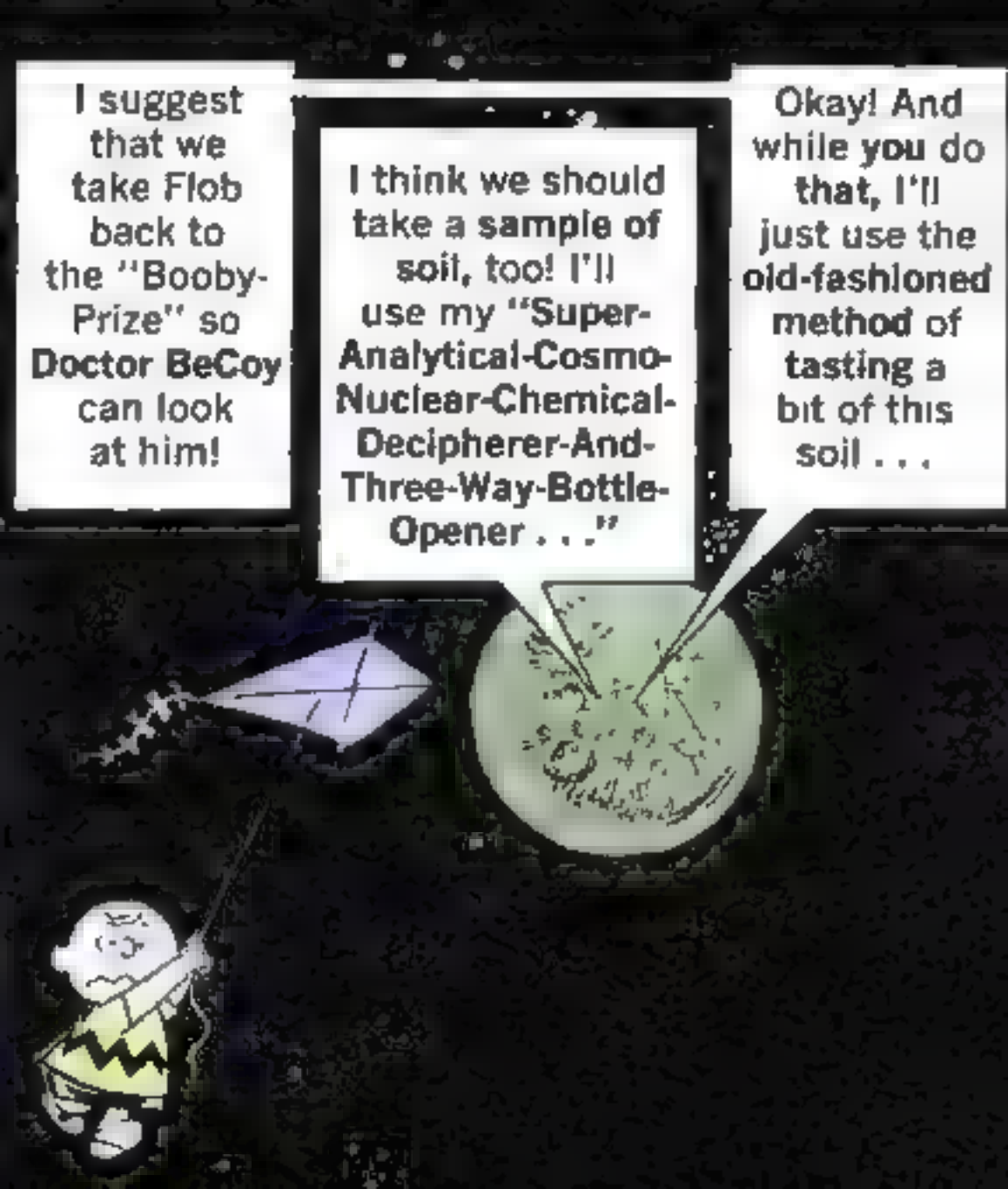
Thank heavens you've come! I'm **Flob—Keeper of Goodbath!**
You look more like **SLOB—** Keeper of **NObath!!**
Goodbath was the **capital** of Rama IV—but all that is **behind** me now!
Well— **step aside** and let us see—

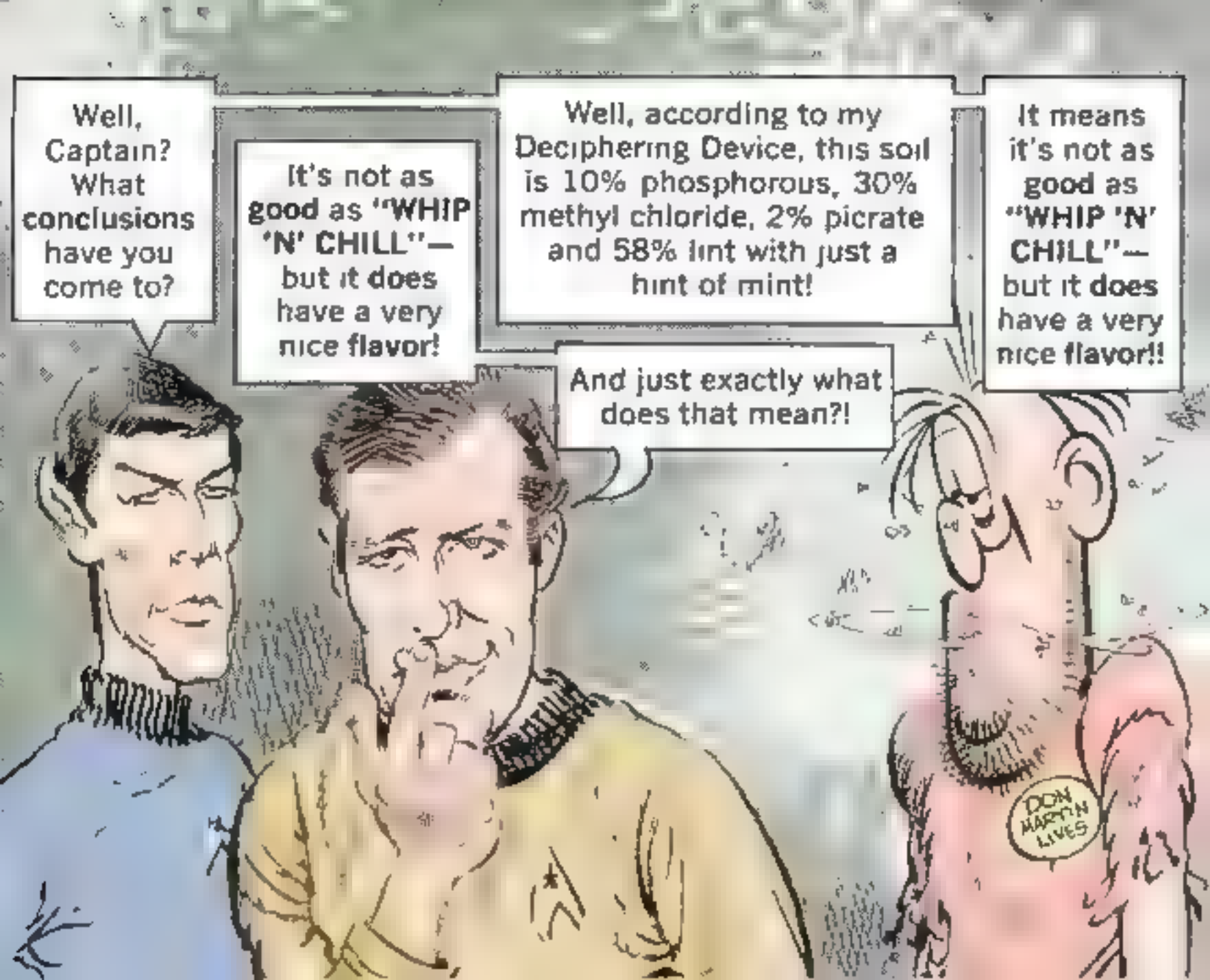

It's no use! Disease has taken over! We are a doomed civilization! We have no past, and we have no future!
What about the present?
It's under the Christmas Tree!
I see that disease has also doomed your sense of humor, too!

BROOM

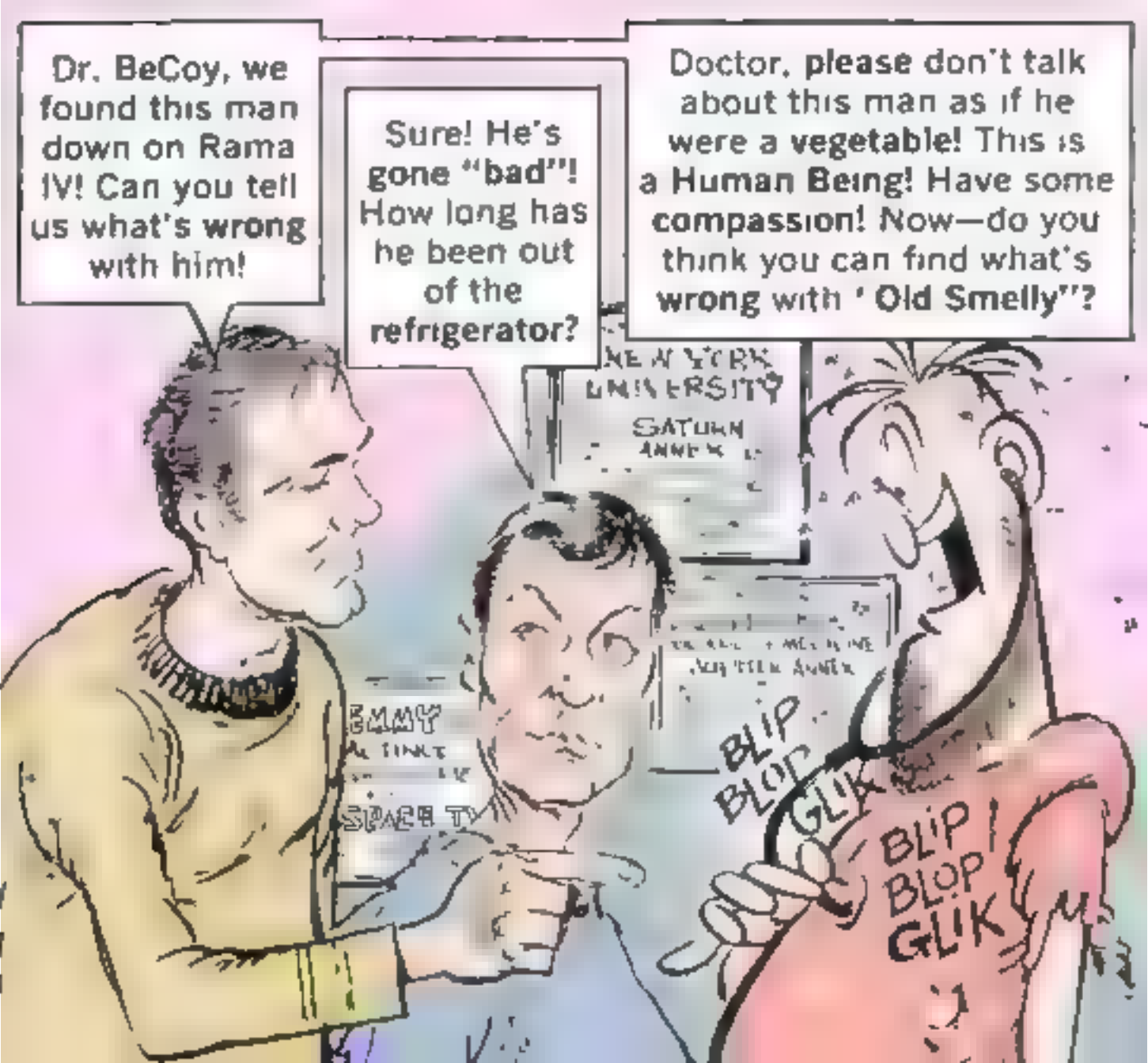
What in the world was THAT?!
THAT was a 7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave!
That big? Are you sure?
Positive! Look at this instrument! See? The little hand fell off Donald Duck!


That's a 7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave all right! Flob—have you any idea what's happening here on your planet?
Every day, thousands of people die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours down on homes—the air and water is poisoned—and there's been nothing to eat for two weeks now! I tell you, there are days when I just don't feel like getting out of bed in the morning!
Well, you're bound to be unhappy if you take that attitude! Where is your "happy face"?
This IS my happy face! You should see me when I'm sad!


I suggest that we take Flob back to the "Booby-Prize" so Doctor BeCoy can look at him!
I think we should take a sample of soil, too! I'll use my "Super-Analytical-Cosmo-Nuclear-Chemical-Decipherer-And-Three-Way-Bottle-Opener . . ."
Okay! And while you do that, I'll just use the old-fashioned method of tasting a bit of this soil . . .


Well, Captain? What conclusions have you come to?
It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"— but it does have a very nice flavor!
Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!
And just exactly what does that mean?!
It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"— but it does have a very nice flavor!!
DON MARTIN LIVES

It also means the soil is radio-active!
Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!
Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—
Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing—especially with "No-Bath" here!

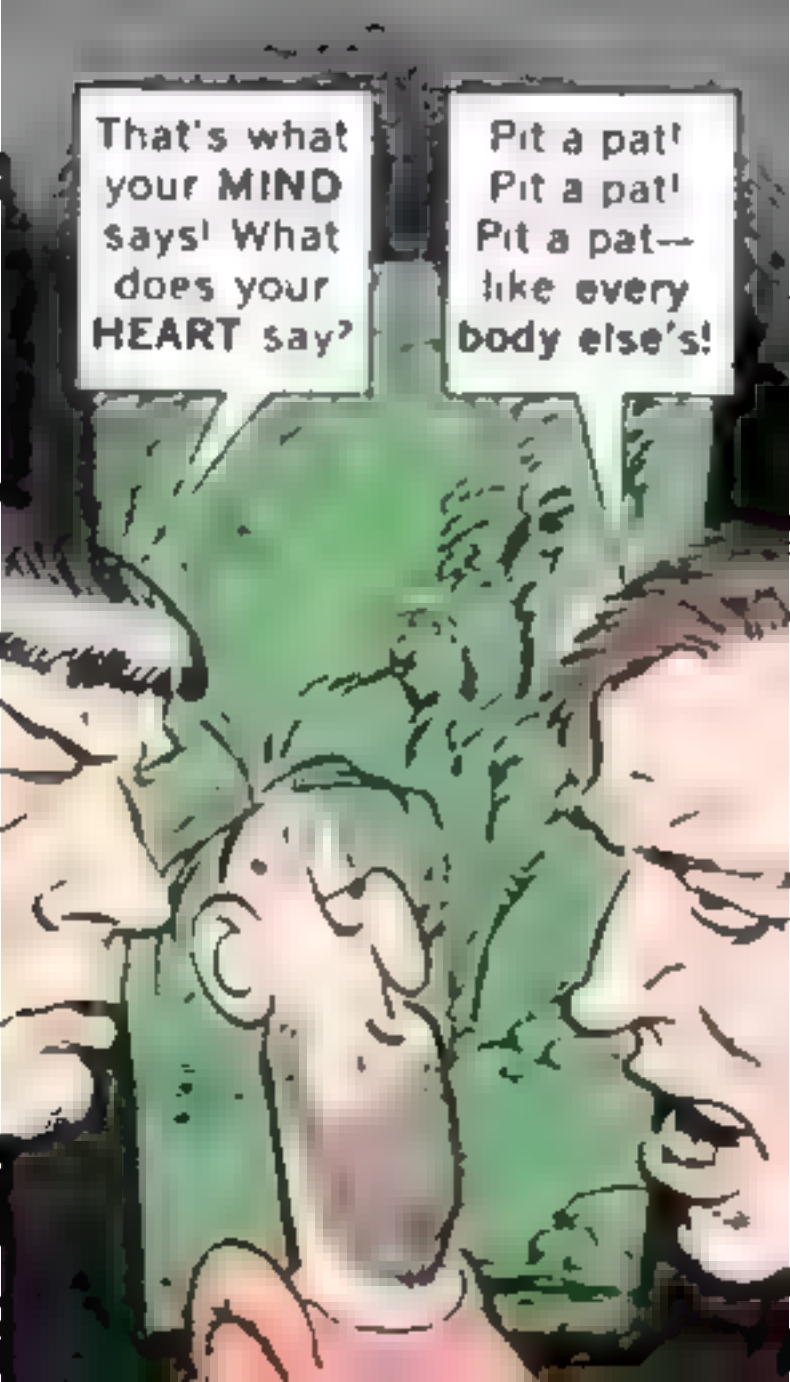

Dr. BeCoy, we found this man down on Rama IV! Can you tell us what's wrong with him!
Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?
Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SATURN ANNEX
SPACE TV
BLIP BLOP GLIK
BLIP BLOP GLIK

I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!
Really? And what is it called?
If I knew, would it be a rare disease?
I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!

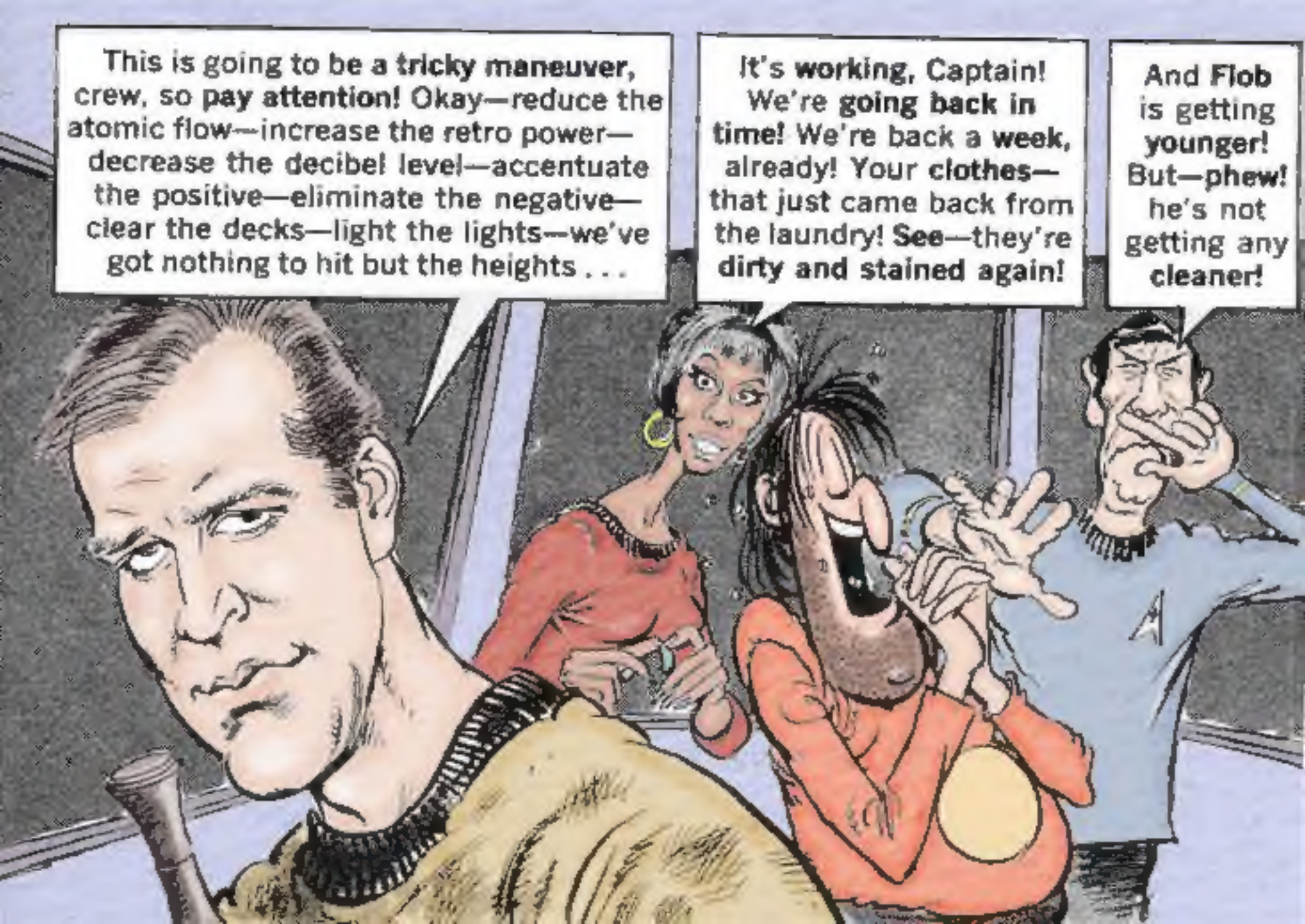
Never!!
Then we'll probably all die shortly!
You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here. why don't you get a breath of fresh a r— and lean way out of this porthole

Just a minute, Captain—before you push him out—
Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!
I have a plan that may save this man, his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—
If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet . .

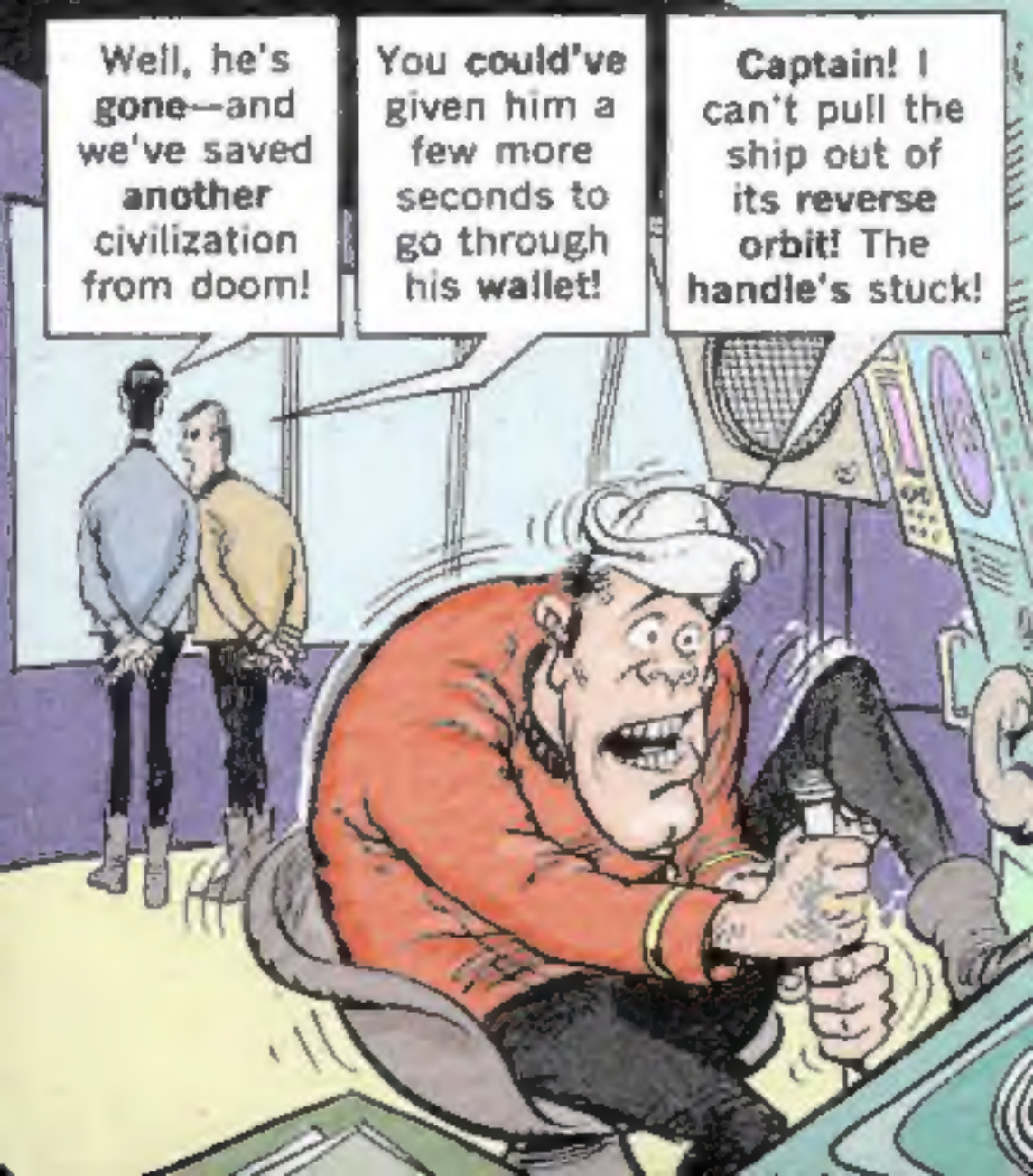
. . . and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!
Are you finished?
Yes!
You're crazy!

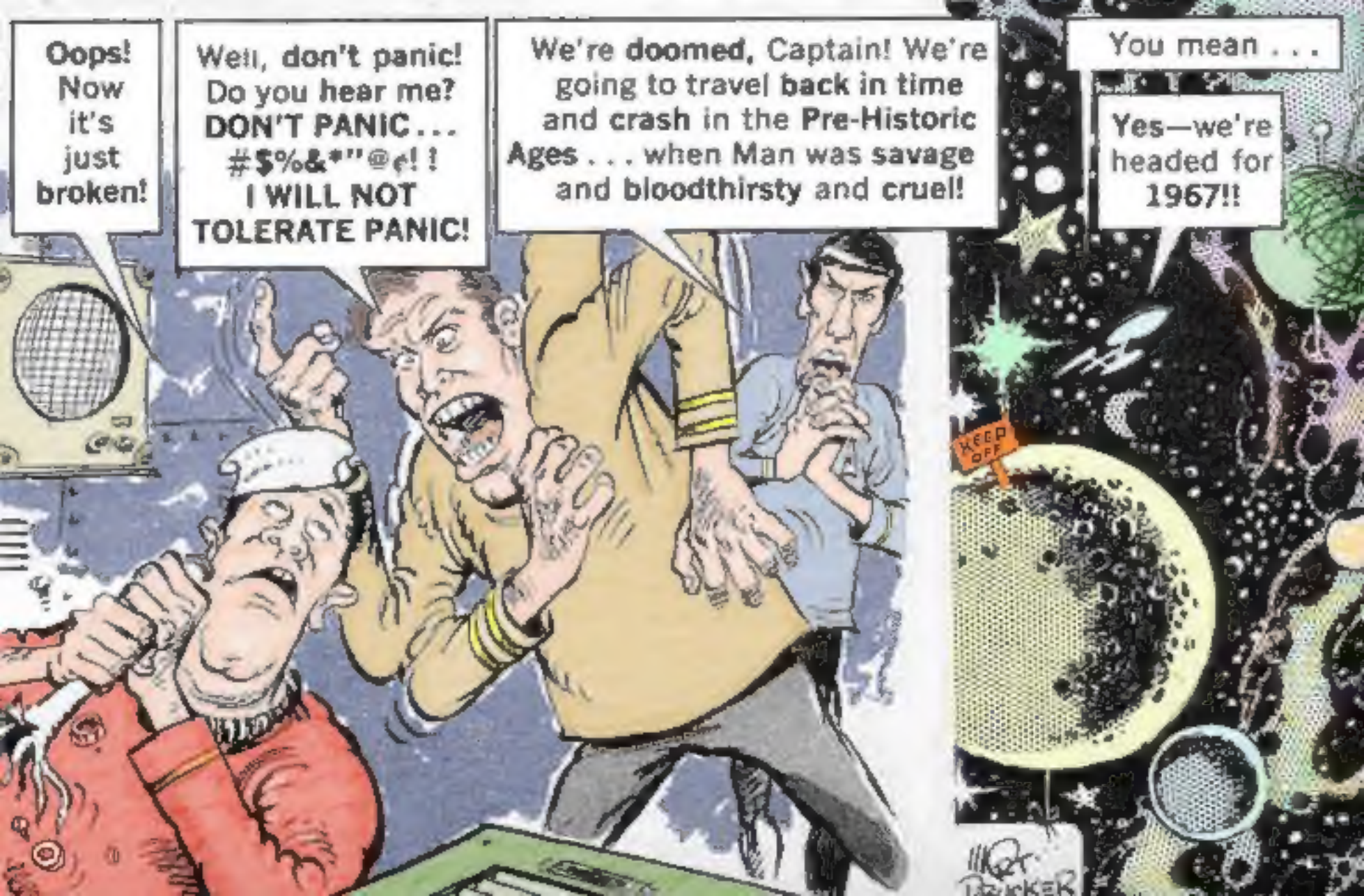

That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?
Pit a pat! Pit a pat! Pit a pat— like every body else's!

All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!
Take over, Mr Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!
In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!
I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!
MEN


This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights . . .
It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!
And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!
Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!
Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?
Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!


Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!
You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!
Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!


Oops! Now it's just broken!
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC... #$%&*"@¢!! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!
We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages . . . when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!
You mean . . .
Yes—we're headed for 1967!!
KEEP OFF